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WELCOME OLYMPIA

BY

ABRAM H DAILEY

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Author
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TO

ADMIRAL GEORGE DEWEY

OF THE U. S. NAVY

AND HIS OFFICERS AND MEN

FOR THE SIGNAL VICTORY ACHIEVED BY THEM IN

THE BATTLE OF MANILA BAY

THIS POEM IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

BY THE AUTHOR

Brooklyn, New York, September 28th, 1899

WELCOME, OLYMPIA

BY

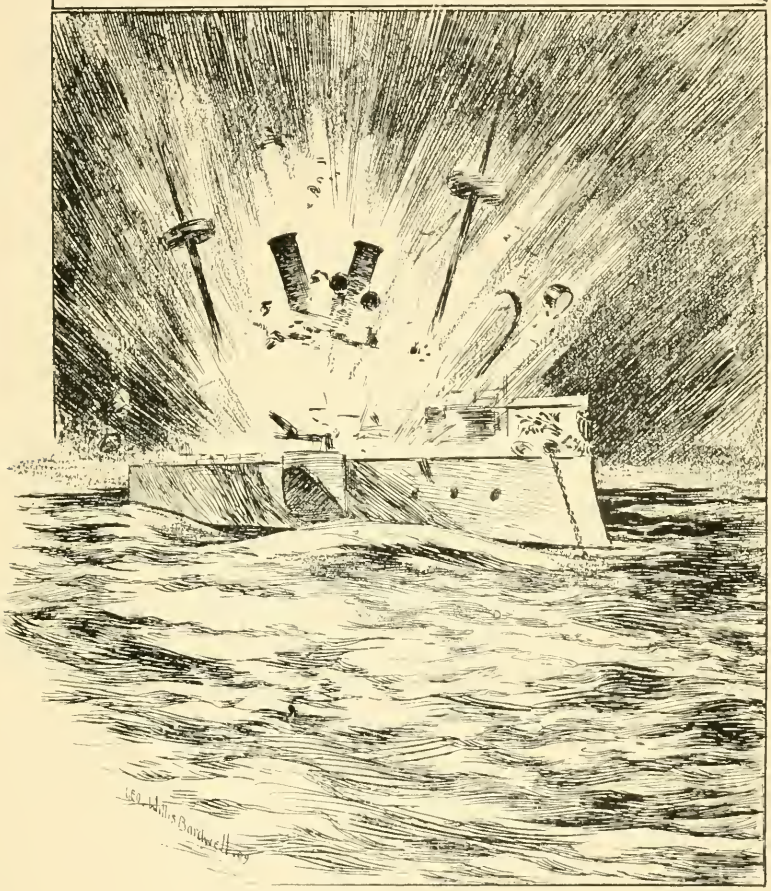
ABRAM H. DAILEY

OLYMPIA, Olympia, Queen of the Ocean,
Sail on thy course 'mid the seas' wild commotion,
Bring home to our shores from a far distant land,
The victor-crowned hero, the conquering band;
Columbia awaits thee, her banners unfurled,
The voice of her children is heard 'round the world.

Olympia, Olympia, thy welcome shall be
The voice of the Nation, from souls of the free;
Thy gods in grim battle have sever'd the chain,
That never, no, never'll be welded again.
From bondage set free, great nations shall rise
To honor thy name beneath Orient skies.

Our fathers came hither from over the main,
Their rights to secure, and their freedom to gain;
They smote the oppressor who came o'er the sea,
And builded a nation—a land of the free;
A nation of freemen, whose love for the right
Is known through the world in the ægis of might.

The Destruction of the Maine.



And lo! shall the Goddess of Freedom stand by—
Be deaf to the voice of the weak when they cry,
Because she is mighty and prosperous now,
In science and art, at the loom and the plow?
Because she is mistress from shore unto shore,
And peace reigns within—as we trust—evermore,

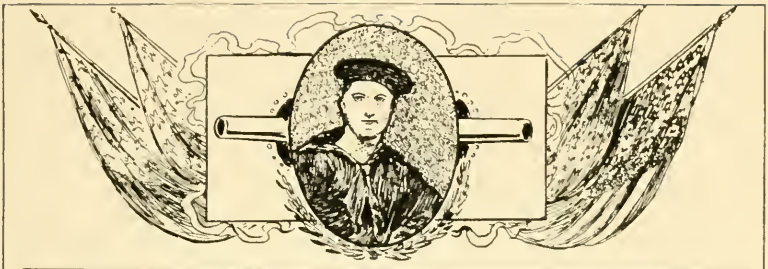
Shall *she* not heed groans of distress when they rise,
Of children of God from the earth to the skies?
Shall stone-hearted bigots, more cruel than brute,
Continue their crimes, and Columbia stand mute
Because they're committed beyond her domain?—
Because they are done by the minions of Spain?

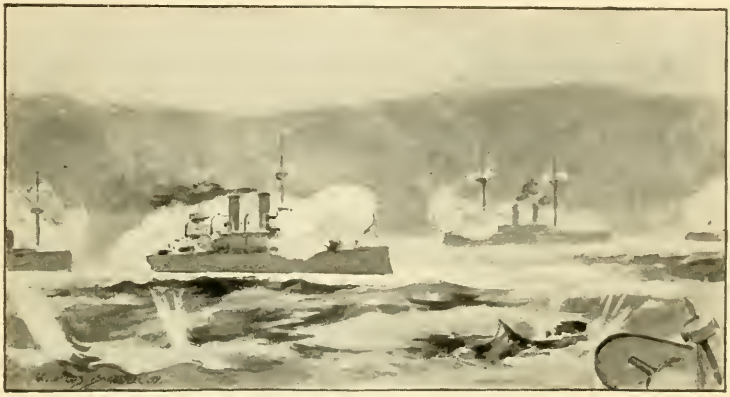
Too long, far too long, had Columbia represt
The thunders of wrath that were heaving her breast,
When that crime of all crimes, committed by Spain,
Shocked the world. And never, no, never again
Shall that war cry be heard among nations or men—
"Remember! Remember! Remember the Maine!"

From the east and the west, from the south and the north,
The sons of Columbia to battle went forth.
On isles of the ocean, far over the main,
Was the battle cry heard, "Remember the Maine!"
'Twas heard in the clouds, it was heard in the deep;
Old Neptune arose as a God from his sleep;

As white as the sea-foam, so white was his beard;
On the crest of the wave his chargers uprear'd.
He watched till Columbia's squadron sailed by,—
He watched till the Day God descended the sky;
He ponder'd, amaz'd at the grim-visag'd train
That plung'd on its course thro' the billowy main.

When darkness shut down at the close of the day,
This God of the Deep, through the night, led the way
Through perils unseen, till the dawning of light
Broke that glorious day—the day of the fight.
On the Bay of Manila—beautiful bay—
Lay squadron 'gainst squadron in battle array.





The Battle of Manilla Bay.

Oh, Bay of Manila! Oh, beautiful bay!
On thy limpid waters in battle array
Is Columbia's squadron, whose prowess and might
Are given to Freedom, to Justice, and Right.
The God of grim battle still reigns in the skies;
His servants on earth are the brave, and the wise.

He spoke in the terrors of battle; that day
The glory of Spain pass'd away—pass'd away
In cannon's loud thunder, in bursting of shell,
'Mid groans of the dying, in carnage of hell;
On the Bay of Manila—beautiful bay—
The glory of Spain pass'd away—pass'd away.

Then welcome, Olympia, 'mid cannons' deep roar;
Thrice welcome her heroes, returned to our shore;
Let banners of freedom o'er all be unfurled,
The voice of the Nation be heard 'round the world.
Our anthems to God, sing again and again,
For He rules over all,—Amen! and Amen!

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